

Indians

From Andrew Fjeld's Journal

When I was a youngster, the Indians were frequent visitors to our city. They came in companies of three or four up to twenty or thirty at a time. They made their camp outside of town or on some back street while they canvassed the town begging at most every house. Their mode of operation was about as follows, and by the way the squaws done most of the begging. A squaw would knock on the door, when the lady of the house opened the door she would make her wants known in this manner.

“You wino squaw, give me biscuit. Give flour. Give me bread.” If the request was not granted, the beggar would get quite provoked and say: You ka-wino squaw.”

A favorite camping ground was on some back street if the company was small but if the company was large the pastures south of town were usually occupied. They generally had a band of horses which they turned into the pastures to graze.

The men were inveterate card players and spent much time in this way. They could sit on their robes and blankets in a circle on the ground, sometimes in their “wickeups” and sometimes outside, depending on the weather. Their women would sit around on the outside of the circle and watch with great interest the progress of the game. When any of the men made a clever move or pulled a “boner”, they would laugh and chatter about it in great glee. Their tents or “wickeups” were made by tying poles together at the top, placing their bottom ends in a circle 12 or 14 feet in diameter, depending on the length of the poles. The outside being covered with canvass with a space left open at the top for the smoke from the fire, which was built in the middle of the tent, to escape.

I have seen an Indian and his wife quarrel until he was so provoked that he hit her on the head with a knife causing the blood to flow. I have seen Indian men fight. One such fight was stopped by Ted Jones, when they were preparing to shoot at each other.

I have been very friendly with, up to the Music Hall when there was a big dance in progress. He was much interested in watching them dance. I met a fine

looking girl down in the pasture looking for her horse. She was dressed in a most beautiful dress of buckskin bedecked with beads and spangles. Altogether she made a beautiful appearance. I was quite captivated.

Another favorite camping place was in a clump of cottonwood trees just west of town, a little north of the bridge road. The family of Daniel S. Thomas lived on Main Street, south side near the D. & R.G. railway. This home was a favorite with the Indians as the Thomas family was very friendly to them. During meal time a group of Indians would often come in and seat themselves on the floor and Mrs. Thomas would pass them food from the table until they were satisfied. This happened many times.

Among the early day Indians was a man known as John Fisherman. He was quite a frequent visitor and was known by most everyone in the town. One time as his particular group was camped among the Cottonwood trees, he went to Draper after his son who had been killed there in some disturbance.

When John returned with his dead son, who was carried in front of him on his horse, the Indians began to howl and cry as they hurriedly packed up and with their horses strung out in single file they made their way down the bridge road and went over on the other side of the River Jordan and buried this boy but his grave was never found.

The houses built for the Indians against the fort wall near the fort was near the present site of Gerald Taylor's home. It was called the "Indian Home".

Joe Dorton, Joe Dugout, etc. sewed up the belly of an Indian who had been shot.

The killing of the mail coach driver, June 10, 1863 witnessed by George Kirkham=Lehi History page 163.